He doing so, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's seldome ease,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deepes below,
Makes such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) having all lost,
By waves from coast is tost:
All perishen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) doe obey you.
Alas the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having throwne you from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all hee'l crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you, Master?
1. Looke how thou stirrest now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before us, even now.

1. Alas

1. Alas poore soules, it grieved my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to us, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarcely helpe our selves.
3. Nay Master, said not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
Master, I marvell how the fishes live in the Sea?
1. Why as men doe a Land,
The great ones eate up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; plaies and tumbles,
Driving the poore Fry before him,
And at last devoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th land,
Who never leave gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would have beene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Because he should have swallowed me too.
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the bels,
That he should never have left,
Till he cast Bels, Steeple, Church and Parish up again:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. *Simonides*?
3. We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honey.
Per. How from the fenny subject of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery Empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.
2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?

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